THE

ARKHAM COLLECTOR

Number Ten :: Summer, 1971 :: .50c the copy

LOOKING AHEAD. With this issue, *The Arkham Collector* rounds out its first volume. These initial ten issues will be bound in sets later this year, and each set will retail at $10.00. Complete files of unbound issues will thereafter not be available. This first volume of the *Collector* have been published at a loss, and we assume that this condition of publication will continue. But rising costs, an increase in the postage rate, and associated factors will make some changes mandatory; with Volume Two, beginning with our Winter 1972 issue, *The Arkham Collector* will retail at $.65 the copy, $1.25 for two consecutive issues. Moreover, it seems unlikely that the magazine can any longer be sent at first-class rates, but must go by book-post.

The Arkham House publishing schedule has had to undergo some minor alterations also. As of this writing, with *Dark Things* just out, the Arkham House schedule through 1972 looks like this:

Summer, 1971

SELECTED LETTERS III: 1929-1931, by H. P. Lovecraft, $10.00
SELECTED POEMS, by Clark Ashton Smith, $10.00
THE CALLER OF THE BLACK, by Brian Lumley, $5.00

Copyright 1971, by August Derleth

Autumn, 1971

THE CHRONICLES OF SOLAR PONS, by August Derleth, $5.00
DEMONS BY DAYLIGHT, by Ramsey Campbell, $5.00

Winter, 1972

THE RIM OF THE UNKNOWN, by Frank Belknap Long, $7.50
THE WATCHERS OUT OF TIME, by H. P. Lovecraft & August Derleth, $7.50
THE ARKHAM COLLECTOR: VOLUME ONE, $10.00

Later, 1972

SELECTED LETTERS IV, by H. P. Lovecraft, $7.50
DISCLOSURES IN SCARLET, by Carl Jacobi, $5.00
H. P. LOVECRAFT: NOTES TOWARD A BIOGRAPHY, by August Derleth, $5.00

† † †

III SAMUEL

Someone in this audience is not moved.
The needles and the slow revolving drums
have pieced it out, and they never lie
(the machines lack propensity for deceit).

All that remains for us to do is to find

the insufferable. Which will be simple.
Each member of the group must pass
in single file before its sensitive
graspfields. The machine will surely mark
which one it is whose presence interferes
with comprehension of bright harmony.

(We know they live among us, hateful
untingling creatures, who reside
non-vibrant in the very earshot of
a concord of sweet sound. The scriptures say
what such as these are fit for.)

Ah,
the machine is not programmed for justice.
We weak instruments must hone ourselves
to do the thing needful. We shall be honored
that it is given us to hack and hew.

— William D. Barney

† † †

THE MASS MEDIA HORROR

by James Wade

If only H. P. Lovecraft had lived a bit later and conquered his oft-expressed aversion to commercialized writing, we might be enjoying such innovations as:

Our Gal Lavinia, the soap opera that asks the question: Can an extremely simple girl from the placid little town of Dunwich find true happiness as the daughter of Wizard Whateley and the mother of Wilbur, not to speak of his appallingly non-identical twin?

Innsmouth Revisited, a Ford foundation TV Documentary on urban renewal, in which we see scenes depicting how federal, state and private programs revitalize a decaying Massachusetts fishing port, assisted by locally generated counterpart funds, in the form of exotic platinum jewelry donated from ancestral collections. The climax is a carefree aquatic festival, in which no one at all seems to return from the swimming race to Devil Reef.

Revolting Campus, a book-length account of youthful unrest in the form of an in-depth study of Miskatonic University, Arkham, Mass. Student interviews reveal the fact that the faculty has been too little concerned with teaching, being preoccupied by library research in folklore, and with strange field trips, especially around May Eve and Hallowmass. Youthful demonstrators have burned certain ancient books in a symbolic bonfire, while chanting the slogan, "Down with the Old Ones — Never Trust Anyone Over 30,000,000,000!"

Starry Wisdom and You, the popular network inspirational series, in which Bishop H. Phillips Lovecraft preaches fiery sermons explaining how his Starry Wisdom Church solves members' personal problems through prayer, meditation, and the ritual repetition of certain esoteric secret scriptural verses invoking assistance from the Other World, for all those willing to send in a tax-empt freewill offering (no exotic platinum jewelry accepted).

The Cyronics Foundation, Joseph Curwen, Jun., executive director, supported by the Charles Dexter Ward Fund, offers hope to those unwilling to shuffle off their present mortal coils, in the form of a perpetual care freeze-dry process by which the "essential Saltes" of the body may be preserved in a tasteful Grecian lekythoi urn, suitable for home interior decoration. The movement is being promoted by the singing commercial on the text: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come," as per-

formed by — who else? — the Lovecraft rock and roll group.

† † †

THE CREST OF SATAN

by Sara Lindsay Rath

I was not meant to have seen them, of course . . . Paul laughing with her as he'd laughed with me. And bending to kiss Charlotte . . . as he'd kissed me.

I had lived in seclusion for so long, certain that I would never marry, prepared to live my life alone. But Paul lured me out of that quiet place and introduced me to excitement and sunshine, and a happy, almost beautiful woman who bore no resemblance to plain Emily Grace Linden.

Now it's Charlotte. Charlotte, so young, so attractive. Charlotte holding Paul, smiling up at him. Charlotte who always gets whatever she wants.

Only once have I wanted anything as desperately as I want Paul now.

I'd been nominated for class secretary in seventh grade, opposing Mary Jane Holt, or M.J., as she preferred to be called. M. J. was the most popular girl in school, and had never lost a contest. She was cheerleading captain, pitcher of the girl's softball team, president of the sorority she'd invented, and got straight A's. I'd never dreamed of running against her for anything; I was content being myself . . . perhaps a little too quiet, too withdrawn, but I felt safe.

Miss Foster insisted on two nominees, however, and when someone said, "How about Emily Grace?" the fright began, freezing like an ice cube in my stomach, melting in

cold shivers, spreading through my arms and legs. Class secretary! I tried not to think of it very often. Winning seemed impossible, anyway, and if I didn't think of it much then it would soon be over.

The election was very close. M. J. asked Miss Foster to recount the ballots twice . . . then three times. I'd won by one vote. M. J. was furious. She glared angrily at me. She'd been beaten by a nobody. And I, in turn, was literally beaten by M. J. and her older brother, Carley, as I walked home from school. They'd skipped their bus and waited by the pines.

Carley's big fist sunk deep into my stomach as I turned the corner, and he and M. J. pulled me inside the triangle of trees to pound and pummel me until I was a weak, bloody mess. The best I could do to defend myself was to grab a handful of Carley's hair as he bent over me. I was too sick to fight back. I began vomiting, and still they beat me.

"You rotten nobody!" M. J. kept screaming. "How dare you do this to me!" And Carley punctuated her shouts with punches, threatening to do the same to my baby sister and promising other tortures which I couldn't understand very well because I was groaning and choking. Finally they went away, and I rolled over, crying into the grass. I had nowhere to go. I was afraid to go home. Afraid to move.

Eventually I picked up my book bag and crept out of the pines, onto the sidewalk. My strength returned as waves of nausea and dizziness passed. My mouth bled and my eyes were swollen, but I could still see. I clung to a lamppost and pulled myself to my feet, finally beginning to walk. I walked without direction, finding myself down by the Millpond, walking over the bridge that led to the feed mill and out into the country.

I took the path along the Millpond then, the one that twisted past the deserted fishing shanties, hoping the full

moon on the horizon would light the overgrown trail. I threaded my way slowly, feeling weak again. I fell to my knees in the grass as I reached the shunned cottage of Madame Alamir.

No one knew for sure she was a witch. No one knew what she looked like, either, or was even certain she'd ever existed. It was just accepted in our small town that this shunned place, camouflaged by ferns and leaves and tangled vines, belonged to a witch named Madame Alamir. No one bothered her and she, in turn, bothered no one. That's the way it was in our town. A kind of local legend.

I tried to concentrate on the moon coming up over the Millpond. It was enormous. Big and white and beautiful. But the moonlight drained everything of its color. Moonlight was the color of death, I decided.

Then I saw someone. Madame Alamir! It couldn't be anyone else. A woman was bent over in a garden, picking herbs. A thin voice rose from the tangled place in strange melody. She moved, and I could see her distinctly in the moonlight. And she looked up and saw me. I crouched in the grass, trying to make myself small. She walked over to where I lay.

"Have you been in an accident?" the women asked, "Or was it a fight?" She placed her basket on the grass beside me and examined me. Her voice was pleasant. Like music even when she wasn't singing.

"You don't look like a witch," I said without thinking, surprising myself.

She smiled and bent to touch my bruised cheek with a cool hand. She seemed unconcerned about my accusation. I was silent. She hadn't said she *wasn't* a witch . . .

"I *am* a witch, if that's what you're wondering." She laughed. "You may call me Lilith, if you wish. Don't be afraid . . . I want to help you."

She contemplated the leaves in her basket. "I think

you'll feel better with some tea." She took my arm and pulled me to my feet, never giving me a chance to resist. She held my hand tightly, liftitng her long skirt and leading me into the tangle of bushes and vines around her cottage and through the hidden door.

The interior of the cottage was dark, but soon my eyes became accustomed to the dim light. Lilith held a match to a lantern and when I saw the room clearly, I gasped.

"Since these herbs were gathered in the full of the moon," Lilith was saying, "They'll be especially potent and will give you strength." She prepared the tea on an oddly shaped copper stove while my swollen eyes surveyed the strange room.

The walls gleamed with a shining black mirror-like substance, and light from the glass lantern shone on the scarlet ceiling. Above the door was nailed an ugly goat's head. His glistening eyes watched my every move. A cat was up there, too, and an owl.

In the middle of the room lay an old tombstone with a fur rug thrown at its foot. A shudder shook my body. I must get out of here. Lilith came to me with the tea.

I drank it gratefully, in spite of my anxiety to run. It had a flavor of mint and grass and fresh air, and it soothed my bruised stomach. I drank it all.

"Look into my eyes, Emily Grace." Lilith said as I took the cup from my lips for the last time. She held my chin with her hand and turned my face so my eyes met hers. I thought how ageless she appeared, and how pretty. Her dark hair was long and softly waved, falling over her shoulders onto a knit shawl. Her green eyes glowed as though illuminated by an inner source. They held my gaze for minutes; I couldn't turn away.

"You emit very strong vibrations," she said at last. "Mary Jane and Carley Holt. They are the cause of your

suffering."

I merely stared into her eyes. They were like crow's eyes; shining and brilliant. Sharp. Piercing. They saw everything.

I lowered my eyes, softly crying. Lilith was bringing it all back, the fright of being nominated, and the wonder of winning, and the horror . . .

"When Mary Jane and Carley were beating you, did you ask God to help you?"

I looked at her cautiously.

"I guess . . . I suppose I did." I admitted, embarrassed.

Lilith sat next to me, holding me gently. I was shivering.

"My Dear . . . you were so wrong." she said with sadness. "I am so sorry, but you were very wrong. You have been taught that God will help through trials and tribulations and that His way is best. But you are wandering blindly. Though it's not your fault."

"But the Bible!" I said, alarmed, pulling away . . .

Lilith ignored my outburst. "You mustn't feel badly," she said. "You are like many people who believe that God is the only source of wisdom and truth. But you and the many others do not realize that all people who truly possess power, who have succeeded in the past and will do so in the future, all those people who have held great influence over others . . . they did not control societies and produce great ideas because they followed *God's* concept of life!"

Lilith said "God" as though she were spitting the word on the floor.

"They practiced a Satanic concept," she continued, more pleasantly than before. Her voice was smooth, like velvet. I felt I could drown in it if I let myself.

"*Satan* controls societies," she said. "When you follow Satan, you discover that positive thoughts and positive

actions will produce the results you desire." She spoke with confidence.

"You mean . . . The Devil?" I asked, terrified.

"That is only one name for Satan." she replied. "He has many names . . Abaddon, Apollyon, Asmodeus . . . "

The words were like poems when Lilith spoke them.

"I would like you to ask Satan to help you, Emily Grace."

I was Emily Grace Linden, twelve years old, and I'd had perfect attendance at Sunday School for seven years, going on eight, and I believed in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth and in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary . . .

The Devil was a man with horns and a tail and a pitchfork and he lived in Hell and punished people after they died! He couldn't be contacted by living people!

"I think . . . I'd better go home now," I said, trying to act calm, getting up from my chair. "I really have to. My parents will be looking for me. They'll be awfully worried . . . "

Lilith rose too, and walked a few steps from me, turning her back.

"Satanism will be the philosophy of the future." she said. "You are being given the opportunity to practice Philosophy of the Will at a very early age. I am giving you this power . . . " she turned to face me again. "Magic works, Emily Grace." She walked toward me, reaching for my hand. Smiling. "Come . . . come and try it. You hate Mary Jane and Carley for beating you, don't you? And what if he does what he threatened, to your baby sister?"

My baby sister. I'd forgotten about that. If Carley Holt ever laid a hand on her! I'd kill him! I would!

Lilith led me to the tombstone bed and told me to wait.

"Do you have a photo . . . a school photo of Mary Jane with you?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, in my book bag. My wallet," I replied. Lilith found the wallet and M. J.'s picture. The sight of that confident, smiling face gave me a moment of uneasiness.

"And this hair, stuck to the blood on your arm. Could this be Carley's hair?" she asked, taking my arm.

"I pulled his hair while he was beating me up," I said.

"Fine. Fine." Lilith smiled and gently pulled Carley's hair from my arm where it was pasted with blood.

She then walked to a far corner of the room where she pulled a silver rope hanging from the ceiling. Music began to play; flute music with a strange non-melody. A part of the wall disappeared and a huge altar came into view. Scarlet velvet curtains hung behind black marble, and black candles, a jeweled sword, and a skull stood on a black velvet cloth.

Lilith took off her shawl and dropped it on the floor. Then she unbuttoned her dress, slowly, methodically, facing the altar, her back to me. When her dress fell to her feet Lilith knelt before the altar and took the skull in her hands. She stood, turning to me, holding the skull toward me.

"You must kiss the skull, Emily Grace. Pleace come forward."

I stepped toward her, trying not to, wanting to run, being fascinated by the beauty of her naked body and the mystery of the Satanic altar. Lilith held the skull to my lips. It was dry and cold. She replaced it on the altar and wrapped herself in a transparent robe with a hood that covered her head, leaving only her face truly visible. The rest of her body seemed like an apparition. Ghostlike. Unreal.

Lilith took a long match from the altar and waved it through the air until it lit. Then she touched the match to the black candles. They flared brightly and glowed with a blue flame. She began to chant: "Abaddon . . . Apollyon . . .

Asmodeus . . . Beelzebub . . . hear our plea. Belial . . . Daemon . . . Demogorgon . . . Diabolus . . . come to us. Hades . . . Lucifer . . . Mephistopheles . . . Moloch . . . Pluto . . . Typhon . . . Be with us now and evermore!"

Lilith looked at me.

"Hail Satan!" she said. "Repeat after me."

Her gaze was so piercing and I was so scared that I obeyed.

"Hail Satan." I said. I felt dirty and unclean. "Forgive me, God," I whispered under my breath.

"I-VO-EVO-He, Blessed Be!" Lilith shouted. She looked at me. "Hail Satan!"

I said it too. "I-VO-EVO-He, Blessed Be!" It wasn't so hard the second time. "Hail Satan!"

"Forgive this child, Oh Baphomet, for her innocence and fright. Hear her plea and give her the powers of the dedicated, the devoted. She needs our help, Oh Satan!"

Lilith beckoned me with a draped arm. "Come Emily Grace," she said gently, "Come to the altar. He will hear you now."

I walked up to the altar. Lilith's eyes were burning into my own. I felt elated, somehow, and dizzy with excitement. The fear had vanished. I wasn't afraid. The flutes became louder and more intense.

"Remove your blouse, Emily Grace." she said. I obediently followed her wish and unbuttoned my blouse with anxious fingers. It was very important to please Lilith. I pulled my arms from the sleeves and slipped it from my shoulders.

"Now your skirt."

I did as she said, and soon stood naked, in front of the altar. Lilioth seemed in a trance. She lifted me easily with robed arms and placed me, as if I were a sacrifice, upon the huge altar . . . on the black velvet cloth, next to the sword, the candles and skull. Lilith reached for the jeweled sword

that lay near my head and murmured the names she'd said before . . . "Abaddon, Apollyon, Asmodeus, Beelzebub," and the rest. Then she held the tip of the sword in the blue candle flame and, when it glowed white-red, she brought it to my chest. It burned into my skin but it did not hurt. I marveled at that fact, while Lilith drew an intricate Satanic crest between my childish breasts. The crest was the shape of an inverted star, and inside the star was a ram's head that looked very much like Satan.

"Now you are a true child of Satan, Emily Grace." she said quietly. "Tell him your wishes."

"I wish . . . Mary Jane and Carley Holt would be sorry they beat me!" I said confidently.

"I-VO-EVO-He! Hail Satan!" Lilith shouted. I said it with her.

"I wish something bad would happen to them!" I said.

"I-VO-EVO-He! Hail Satan!" we shouted.

"May ugly shapes rise from slimy pits and vomit forth their pustulence into their puny brains!" Lilith cried.

"I-VO-EVO-He! Hail Satan!"

"May the angel of the bottomless pit come forth with incantations of evil, and may their bodies be racked with hideous, violent pains!"

"I-VO-EVO-He! Hail Satan!"

"May the seven chief devils personify themselves and explode with twisted fury upon the cursed!"

"I-VO-EVO-He! Hail Satan!"

"May terrifying voices rack their minds with evil distortions, and may monsters with hundreds of heads place upon the children we herewith damn a multitude of repulsive and eternal deformities!"

"I-VO-EVO-He! Hail Satan!"

Then Lilith read more words I couldn't understand from a black book. She held Mary Jane's photo and Car-

ley's hair over the candle flame. They disappeared with a brilliant flash of white.

Lilith blew out the candles.

"Go forth in faith, my child," she said to me. "You shall have the power all your life. Satan is with you." And she kissed me on my mouth.

I felt cold. It may have been because I had no clothes on, but it was also because my fear was returning in full strength. The crest branded on my chest began to burn deeply. I thought I would scream from the pain.

I slipped from the draped altar and reached to the floor for my clothes. Lilith pulled the silver rope. The altar swept into the wall and the room was again as I'd found it.

"You'd better go home now, Emily Grace." Lilith said, placing her hands on my shoulders and holding me close to her. She touched my cheek with her own. And because I had nowhere else to go, I went home. It seemed like a long walk.

My father's car turned into our driveway as I reached our yard. I stood behind a light pole so his headlights would miss me.

I looked in the kitchen window of our house and saw my parents sitting at the table. The evening was warm; the windows were open and I could hear them talking about me. It was like watching a movie, a strange feeling to stand there, watching, listening to them speak of me as if I weren't there. I felt awful. I was a child of the Devil. I'd worshipped Satan. Their child. If they knew the truth . . . knew I'd not just been beaten but had shouted "Hail Satan," and wore his sign on my chest . . .

"Emily!" my father hollered, looking up and coming to the window. "My God, Girl, where in Hell have you been? We looked all over town! We called the Sheriff!"

"I . . . had an accident, Daddy . . . " I said, crying.

He ordered me into the house where I explained to them I'd accidently got into a fight and just wanted to take

a bath and go to bed. They were puzzled and upset, but let me do as I wished, too confused to know what else to do, I guess.

I climbed the stairs slowly. I wanted to run, but my legs were stiff. I could hear my father calling the Sheriff and explaining to Mother that I'd been in a fight.

I reached the top of the stairs and went into my baby sister's room. She was sleeping in her crib, the green nightlight outlining her small curled form. How safe she is, I thought. How protected and secure. "Baby, he won't get you now," I told her softly. "Carley Holt's ugly fists will *not* get you now!"

I went in the bathroom and undressed. I touched the Satanic crest and traced its lines. It was swollen and tender, but the inverted pentagram and ram's head could be clearly discerned. I soaked in hot water, slipped on my nightgown and crawled into bed.

When my father called to me I was still wide awake. He told me to get my robe on and come downstairs. Sheriff North wanted to talk to me.

"About what?" I asked.

"Well . . . something's come up. And since we'd called him earlier tonight, about your being missing and all, well they want to ask you some questions."

I followed my father downstairs, trembling, overtired and afraid.

The sheriff and his deputy were saying something about Mary Jane and Carley.

"What?" I asked, my heart thumping with great large thumps.

"I said I understand you and Mary Jane Holt were classmates," Sheriff North said, turning to me.

"Were . . . ?" I said.

Sheriff North hesitated.

"Yes," he replied, adjusting his wristwatch, avoiding

my eyes.

"Why did you say we *were* classmates?" I asked. "What happened?"

"Well . . . " he continued slowly, looking over at my father, and then back at me. "Mary Jane and her brother, Carl, missed their bus after school today and had to walk home. Someone saw them walking along Highway 22 around suppertime, and that was the last anyone saw of them until just a little while ago . . . "

I knew my eyes were round with amazement in spite of the swelling. I knew. I knew what he would say.

"They were found in Art Conelly's woods. By coon hunters."

Sheriff North didn't seem to want to continue.

"Dead?" I asked.

"Dead," he said, staring down at me.

"Sheriff . . . " my father interrupted, trying to make it easier for me . . .

"This is very important, Emily Grace," the sheriff continued, ignoring my father. "Since you were reported missing around that time, . . . and you appear to have been roughed up some . . . well, can you help to shed any light on this for us? I mean, did you see anyone suspicious? Who beat you, for instance. Was it a stranger? Do you know who it was? And where were you all that time, anyway?"

"Were there any footprints?" I asked.

"What?" Sheriff North looked at me suspiciously. "Footprints?"

"Around the bodies. Couldn't you tell who did it? Weren't there any tracks? Any fingerprints?"

"Emily Grace!" My father was shocked that I'd ask such questions. "She's overtired, Sheriff. Maybe you'd better let her rest until morning . . . "

Sheriff North gave me another curious glance and then agreed with my father. They went outside and spoke

in low voices while my mother blew her nose and I went upstairs to bed again.

We had murdered M. J. and Carley. Satan and I and Lilith.

"I know you're a good girl, Emily Grace . . . " Mother called after me. A violent chill gripped my body and I crept deeper beneath the cold sheets.

I finally slept, but poorly, and awoke completely as the eastern edge of the sky began to glow. I immediately felt the Satanic crest with my fingertips. It was still there. I got out of bed and pulled on my clothes, tiptoeing out of the house. My tennis shoes soaked up dew like sponges, but I ran across the front yard and down the sidewalk.

Vines nearly hid the cottage. And ferns as tall as I was blocked the doorway. I pulled at the vines and began to pound at the door, calling Lilith to come and answer. I hollered her name with all my strength, but she didn't appear. I began clearing away the tangled greenery where there was a window. I was so upset that I pushed in the glass with bare hands and crawled in through the jagged hole I'd made.

There was nothing! It was empty! The cottage seemed to have aged by fifty years. It was mouldy and crumbling. There was no tombstone bed and no black-mirrored walls or scarlet ceiling. No Satanic Goat or Cat or Owl. No silver rope or marble altar. And no Lilith! Just mould and dust and crumbling rotten wood.

But I saw it! I was there! Just hours ago!

Then I saw my book bag lying in a corner. My wallet lay on the floor. I'd forgotten them last night. I ran to pick up the wallet, flipping the pages of pictures, looking for M. J.'s. It was gone.

There was a rustling at the door. I stumbled to the door, slipping the latch, and flinging it open wide.

"Lilith!" I cried, gratefully. Relieved.

But Sheriff North stood there.

"Oh . . . Sheriff!" I shouted, "Please . . you must help me. I have to find her. I have to find Lilith. Something's happened . . . this isn't the same . . . I have to talk to her . . . have to tell her . . ."

"Who do you have to find?" he asked sharply.

"Lilith!" I screamed, impatiently. "I have to find Lilith. Just help me find Lilith and she'll explain it all to you. She knows I was here. She saw me. She talked with me. She did this!"

I tore my sweatshirt over my head and showed him the Satanic crest. It was there, red and plain as it could be. But the sheriff didn't seem very impressed. He said nothing. Just took me firmly to his car and brought me home again.

I collapsed on the sofa, racked with horrible pains. As I cried I could hear him explaining to my father and mother . . .

" . . . man stationed outside all night, tailed her early this morning and called me right away. Found her in an old shack by the river, screaming and bleeding all over the place. Pretty incoherent . . . needs a good rest. Must've got a nasty bump yesterday."

My parents promised to get me to a doctor.

"Oh, one more thing," Sheriff North added before he left. "You'd better go a little easy when you tell her that cottage has been deserted for fifty years. She was awful upset when we found her."

I spent a few days in the hospital and doctors prodded and poked with instruments and questions. I finally decided to be silent. No one believed me when I told the truth. They thought I was crazy.

My Satanic crest puzzled everyone.

"Self inflicted," some doctors said.

"Impossible . . . too intricate," other doctors said.

But they agreed that I'd have to wear the Satanic crest

all my life. Even plastic surgery could not cover the blazing design.

I have worn it since then, though my body has changed since I was twelve; twenty years have passed. The mirror before me reflected those years, those memories. I unbuttond my robe, letting it slip from my shoulders and onto the floor.

I ran my fingers over the crest, watching the mirror, tracing the design with my fingertips, mingling past and future, memory and desire, thinking of Paul . . . and of Charlotte.

If Charlotte were to die . . .

† † †

WHERE THEY RULE
(The Old Islander Recalls)

"Don't dive for gold," I warned a sun-browned fool,
"You may find some briny secret where poseidons rule."
They heeded not and liquid bulges soon were gone.
Three tugs, I thought, paying out rope in the sun,
Meant invasion of the nether world was done.

The sun inched past the mast; I waited still —
Tanks are finite, not subject to Man's will,
And lungs, too, yet no signal could I feel,
As I watched the idly-spinning wheel.
From their lost waists the cords snaked 'round the creel.

There! the silent bell was tolled; the winch began
To wind them upward to the realm of Man;
It slowed — the sea would not release its purchase on
The world above; below that placid *ersatz*-lawn

A root was stuck; I was to tug till dawn.

When at last the first corpse came in view,
It seemed my premonitions had come true.
For there, enshrined in kelp and webs, were two,
A bloated pair, turned all a gravestone's hue
But where the tridents had run them through.

— Meade Frierson III

† † †

THE DOOM OF YAKTHOOB

from *The Necronomicon*

by Lin Carter

(Most editions of *The Necronomicon omit,* for some reason which I shudder to conjecture, the little-known "First Narrative", going straight from the so-called "Introitus" — the opening paragraph which, in Dee, reads: "The Book of the Laws of the Dead, which was writ by the poet Abdul Alhazred of Sanaa, in Damascus, the Year of the Hejira 113, so that all Mankind might know of the Horrors of the Tomb and of those greater Horrors which await Beyond" — to the famous "Second Narrative", that of the City of Pillars. My own copy of Alhazred — a virtually priceless manuscript in Dee's own hand — luckily contains this rare episode, which I have transcribed here for the use of the serious student.)

AS a youth I was apprenticed to the notorious Saracen wizard, Yakthoob, among many others, of whom the languid and dissolute Ibn Ghazoul became my closest friend, despite his voluptuous and immoral habits. At the behest

of the Master we learned the summoning-up of Evil Things and conversed with ghouls in the rock tombs of Neb and even partook of the unnamed Feasts of Nitocris in loathsome crypts beneath the Great Pyramid. We went down the Secret Stair to worship That which dwelleth in the black catacombs below the crumbling ruins of elder and ghoulhaunted Memphis, and in the noxious caverns of Nephren-Ka in the sealed and unknown Valley of Hadoth by the Nile we performed such Blasphemous Rites that even now my soul shuddereth to contemplate.

Ever we begged of the Master that he instruct us in the calling up of the Great Princes of the Pit, the which he was fearful to do, saying that the Lesser Demons be easily satisfied with the Red Offering alone, having a horrid thirst for the Blood of Men, but that the Great Ones demand naught less than the offering up of a Living Soul, save that ye have a certain Elixir, compounded according to the Forbidden Books from the ichor of holy angels, the secret of which is known but to a certain great Necromancer who dwelleth amongst the dead tombs of accursed and immemorial Babylon.

For a time the Master sated our lust for daemonic knowledge with Rites and Horrors terrible to think upon, but ever and again we did beseech for that Great Secret whereof I have spoken, and at length he was persuaded and dispatched the youth Ibn Ghazoul to crumbling and antique Babylon with much gold to purchase from the Necromancer the terrible Elixir. In time the youth returned therefrom and bore with him, in a flask of precious orichalc from dead Atlantis, the Elixir, and we thus repaired to sealed and hidden Hadoth where the Master did That of which I dare not speak, and Lo! a great Thing rose up tall and terrible against the stars. Scarlet and wet and glistening was It, like a flayed, tormented thing, with eyes like Black Stars. About it hovered a burning cold like the dark wind

that blows between the Stars, and it stunk of the foetor of the Pit.

In a slobbering voice the Abomination demanded its price, and bore the flacon of orichalc to its snout in one scarlet Claw, and snuffled thereat, and then to our immeasurable Horror howled forth a braying Laughter and hurled the Flask from it, and caught up the Master in one Claw of horrible cold and plucked and tore at him, all the while making the Night hideous with terrible laughter. For a time the hapless Yakthoob squealed and flooped in the clutches of the Claw, but then lay still, and dangled therefrom, black and shrivelled, as the laughing Thing ripped at it until it raped forth the Spirit of Yakthoob, which it then Devoured in a Certain Manner which made my dreams hideous with Nightmares for twenty years . . .

We screamed and fled from the accursed gloom of Hadoth where a Scarlet Thing howled and fed abominably under the shuddering stars, all but the vile and horrid Ibn Ghazoul, that wretched voluptuary, who had squandered the Master's gold on the lusts of his flesh during his travels to Babylon, and had substituted *naught but wine* in place of the rare Ichor . . . Him we saw never again, and to this day I quake with nameless terror at the thought of summoning forth the Great Ones from the Pit, mindful of the horrible Doom of the wizard Yakthoob.

† † †

IN INTRICATE MAGICKS

My diamond thought strikes fire in the fall trees,
a circlet of suns sparkling on my armored wrist.
A bird circling in intricate magicks
stares me down with a baleful ruby eye.
My guts shudder with indigestible knowledge.

Beware of burning bushes and swamp fire,
an old witch one told me, keep to the dark
the things of darkness, and I thought she meant love
and laughed, showing my sniggering teeth.
She cursed me with a silver hand.

Fireweed loves the char and ash of burning
and other vacua. Do exiled birds
conspire in alien bars and feeding stations
the revolutions of the years, the Second
Coming of the god of trees?

A click of tumblers (acrobatic words
laugh at accepted locks) and the tree springs open.
My heart blazes up with love to see her there.
Though charlatans had told me this would happen,
they never told me of her flaming hair.

— Walter H. Kerr

† † †

TO MY MASTERS

A stone tower stands within a dark-lit place,
Girt round by ancient woods both drear and deep.
The dwellers in that forest fear to sleep,
For dreams bring dangers no man dares to face.
Yet some whose minds reach out to farthest space
Live in the tower, by rats and spiders 'pressed.
Their eyes unmoved, unwinking, dare to rest
On things that lurk at Horror's very base.
Dark spirits, they have dwelt within that tower,
With ancient rotting books their only friends,

In sorcery, since Time's first unformed hour.
In magic they remain, until Time ends.
My Masters, Thanes of AElfland, Gholstly Lords,
Your arts still tell the beauties Death affords.

— Roger Johnson

† † †

NOTES CONCERNING A GREEN BOX

by Alan Dean Foster

Sirs: I did not know what to do with these notes until a friend of mine suggested that I send them along to you, assuming, I suppose, that you might find them of some interest. They form an exceedingly odd story, one with which I am now not so sure I wish to be connected. I report them here as they occurred.

I do not as a rule frequent the facilities of the anthropology department, but an occasion made it necessary. Being a graduate student, I was able to obtain access to files which are kept from the eyes of careless undergraduates and casual visitors. It was in a far corner of the old manuscript storage room that I first came across the box.

It caught my eye because it was clearly the only new thing in the ancient place. Curious, I made a seat for myself on a stack of old papers and examined the thing more closely. It was quite an ordinary looking green box, except for the rather formidable-seeming lock on its cover and what I imagined (falsely, of course) to be some faint lingering phosphoresence around the edges. I tried the lid idly and discovered that the lock had not been fastened. More out of boredom than anything else, I then reached in and brought out the enclosed sheaf of papers. Most of these seemed quite new, but there were also a few scraps of some thick, coarse vellum which gave some indication of

having been burnt at the sides. I imagine that they had been treated with some chemical preservative, for when I first opened the box, an odor issued forth which was noxious in the extreme. It dissipated very rapidly, however, and I thought no more on it.

The contents of the box included typed letters on which were inscribed in long-hand various notes, charts, and a sketch, in addition to the yellowed bits of vellum. As the letters seemed to bear somewhat on my area of study, I carried the box and its contents to the main room and began to xerox the material for later, more leisurely study.

Presently an elderly librarian chanced to pass. Espying the box, she became unaccountably agitated, and quite vigorously insisted that I make a halt to what I was doing. The poor woman was in such a state that I agreed to pause while she went to fetch the librarian-in-charge. At the sight of the box and its revealed contents, that portly gentleman became quite as incensed as the old lady, and the very first thing he did was to return every scrap of paper to the container in question and lock it securely. Containing his obvious anger, he took the old woman off to one side, carefully keeping the box tucked tightly under one arm. Puzzled, I strained to hear their conversation, but I could make out only a few disjointed phrases, for they were careful to speak very softly. The man said, " . . . who is he? . . . not permitted . . . should have been *locked* . . . delicate situation."

And the woman, " . . . didn't see ! . . . no reason to suspect . . . ask him . . . safe . . . "

At this point they halted and the man returned to stare down at me intently. "Did you copy *any* of the material in this box, son?" I replied that I had not, at which words he seemed unaccountably relieved. When I ventured to inquire as to why I could not copy them, he replied that the manuscripts were as yet unpublished, and therefore not

covered by copyright. He smiled for the first time since I had laid eyes on him and said, "No harm done, then!", and shook my hand. Continuing to play out the role, I replied that the material did not seem to offer me such aid anyway, so I was perfectly willing to forget the entire incident.

By a fortuitous coincidence, I had stopped earlier at the Post Office, having needs to refresh my stock of envelopes and stamps. Now it so happens I have a friend who is also desirous of obtaining a position on our departmental expedition, and so I had placed my first copies in an envelope and sent them off to him by way of the library mail chute. As things turned out, it was unnecessary for me to write him and request the return of these copies, as the original envelope was returned to my apartment the next day, unopened, stamped "insufficient postage". Despite all my efforts to re-locate that mysterious green box, I could find not a trace of it in its former cubby-hole, and deemed it injudicious to make inquiries.

The few copies I *had* succeeded in making consisted of the hard-marked letters and the scraps of yellowed paper. A quick survey of the materials convinced me that I was fortunate to obtain what little I had, as there was apparently a considerable defect in the copying machine. The old scraps, which had been printed in a dark black ink and covered with faded red stains, had failed entirely to be reproduced. It is most curious, as the stains themselves had been reprinted with perfect clarity. I have written to complain to the company, and in typically evasive manner, they replied that they never heard of such a thing.

The letters were apparently the work of two U.C.L.A. professors, and I was able to obtain some little information concerning them, which I here include:

"Jonathan Turner, Professor of Anthropology and Linguistics. Born, Providence, R.I., 1910. B.A., University

of Maine, 1931. Worked way through college at height of depression performing heavy manual labor. M.A., Yale, 1932, Ph.D., Yale, 1935, doctoral dissertation, *Some Inquiries into the Nature of the Minor Religions of Southern Louisiana and Alabama, with emphasis on the Cajun Peoples.* This work, I found, is still available to the interested scholar from the Yale University Research Library, upon presentation of the proper credentials. Member of American Anthropological Society, Academie Francaise, etc., etc. . . . Married Emaline Henry of Boston, 1937. Following her tragic death in 1960, moved to California and accepted full professorship with U.C.L.A. . . . Author of numerous books on a wide range of subjects, including a famous essay on the Atlantis-Lemurian myths.

"Robert Nolan, Assistant Professor of Archeology. Born, Beverley Hills, Calif., 1944. B.A., M.A., University of California, Berkeley. Ph.D. thesis in preparation. Winner of numerous prizes for originality of theory in the archeology of the Pacific area. Son of a wealthy Los Angeles lawyer."

As to more personal details regarding the two scholars, I was able to gain some insight from certain of their former students. This line of research was made necessary because the erudite colleagues of the two men displayed a marked hostility towards any questions. Turner was a tall, leonine individual equipped with a full spade beard and an unkempt shock of equally white hair. In contrast, the much younger Nolan was squat and almost entirely bald. Built from the innocuous base of a common interest in skindiving, the friendship of the two men grew rapidly despite the difference in their respective ages.

In 1966, both men took their sabbatical leaves together. With the money Turner had saved and Nolan's not inconsiderable resources of prize monies and family accounts, they purchased and outfitted a small, powered

schooner and announced their intention to sail to Easter Island and the South American coasts. Turner had always wanted to visit the area, and Nolan was desirous of carrying out some field work of an unspecified nature.

At this juncture information on the professors begins to grow sketchy and unreliable. It is known that they returned to Los Angeles in September, 1966, in excellent health and high good spirits. Surprisingly, both men proceeded to resign their positions with the University. This, to the great consternation of their respective department heads, who were understandably depressed at the prospect of losing two such brilliant members of their faculties, one old and venerable, the other a youngster of exceptional promise. But neither man could be dissuaded, and following the setting in order of certain personal affairs, they announced their intention to return once again to the area of their former travels. It is also known that they brought back a number of well-preserved and extremely eccentric specimens of carved heiroglyphs and statuettes. These, Nolan maintained, had been found not on Isla de Pascua (Easter), but on its smaller and little visited neighbor to the west, Sala-y-Gomez. It is also reported that they consulted with a number of supposed specialists in matters occult, among them a rather notorious and disreputable old book seller in the downtown section of San Diego. The man's shop is no longer there, the structure it was located in having since been torn down and replaced by a multilevel parking lot, one section of which I am able to report sags at the oddest angle, despite repeated attempts to correct it.

Due to the obvious sincerity with which his department deplored his resignation, Professor Nolan agreed to keep in touch with his old friends by means of occasional letters which he would forward whenever the opportunity presented itself. These are the missives which I was able to copy so hurriedly at the anthropology library. On some,

the postmark was stamped into the envelope with sufficient force to leave an impression on the letter within, and by judicious use of fingerprinting materials, I have been able to bring them to a legible state. These dates vary from February 3 to May 18, 1967. All are postmarked from Valparaiso, Chile, and one of them confides that the expedition was forced to remain there for such an extended period of time so as to permit the repair of storm damage to their craft.

A letter to the man mentioned in that missive as the repairman, a Senor Juan Maria y Florez, broght as a reply a note scrawled in an awkward hand, as though the wielder of the pen were unfamiliar with its use. Of the professors it had little to say, except that he, Florez, had always thought of professors as being very composed individuals, and that these two Americans seemed both nervous and jumpy. Instead he dwelt on the damage to their schooner, which was totally alien to him, a man who had worked on ships for over forty years. For example, he mentions that he did not feel Professor Turner's explanation of an "unexpected heavy swell" entirely accounted for the odd twisting of the four-inch steel bar of the schooner's left drive shaft, nor for how three of the four blades came to be broken off the screw. A local shipman in Long Beach assures me that Mr. Florez, despite his forty years, is here doubtless indulging a natural penchant for native exaggeration.

The first of these letters, dated February 11, includes in long-hand the note "40 degrees, 9′ S, still on 110. Nothing visible on horiz. but Bob still conf."

This seemingly innocuous bit of information reveals on inspection a number of oddities. It would seem to indicate that although the letters to home were mailed from February to the middle of May, they were written *not* in Valparaiso, but while the professors were still at sea! Why

the two men should do this and then wait to mail the letters *at staggered intervals extending* over three and a half months from the date of their arrival in Chile is beyond me. And the latitude given is *40* degrees *S*. It is quite clear. The "110" can only be the longitude. Thus, it must be inferred from this information that the ship was proceeding almost due south from Easter Island. But the most peculiar part of the phrase is the section which states "nothing visible on the horiz., since this would seem to imply that perhaps the two men expected that there might *be* something on the horizon. This is blatant nonsense, since a quick glance at any map of the Pacific will suffice to show even the casual observer that there is nothing present in that section of ocean for hundreds of miles in *any* direction, let alone due south! It is interesting to note, though, that this course was taking them almost directly down the center of the subsurface mountain mass known as the Easter Island Cordillera.

The next letter carries in its margin the words, "Turned east, following Cook instruc." Once again consulting the Research Library files, I found that Captain James Cook had indeed passed this same section of sea in 1773 on his return voyage to England. What is *more* interesting is the fact that the following year the captain, usually a dead-accurate navigator, spent some considerable time wandering about in the area between 40 and 50 degrees latitude, and 120 and 130 degress longitude. Certainly he could not have been there searching for something, as the area is as desolate a stretch of ocean as exists on this world.

The next legible note reads, "129 W, Bob discouraged, turning back w. current". This can only mean that professor Nolan did indeed expect to find *something* in this empty piece of sea and, as one would anticipate, he had not. Also, the reverse side of the letter contains the admonition, "coord wrong? check Sydney Bulletin". At the time, this

reference held no meaning for me.

There remained only one last notation of any consequence, and I have come to regard that one as the key to the entire baffling matter. It is at once the clearest and most mystifying of them all, and consists of three parts. The words, "check Lvcrft ref", some cryptic symbols in professor Turner's hand, and one word, written underneath. . . .

"CTHULHU"

The reference to a "Lvcrft" puzzled me utterly, until I chanced to mention it to a fellow student. He informed me that my "Lvcrft" was possibly H. P. Lovecraft, an early writer of the 20's and 30's who wrote weird-fantastic stories. Searching out an index of the man's work, I was both surprised and pleased to encounter a tale containing mention of the odd word "Cthulhu", entitled *The Call of Cthulhu.* Obtaining a book containing the indicated story, I read it with what was at first avid interest. My interest quickly flagged. I was disappointed! Here I had thought I had unearthed some potentially great scientific discovery which for some unknown reason certain parties were trying to supress, when in actuality all I was doing was wasting my time with the childish fantasies of two grown scholars who presumably should know better!

Still. . . .

Further along in the story I found references not only to that same *Sydney Bulletin,* but also to a certain mythical island or coastline that supposedly was found at "latitude 47 d, 9′, and longitude 126 d, 43′ " ! If only as a source of some little humor, these coincidences piqued my lagging interest considerably. I subsequently wrote to a newspaper friend of mine in Melbourne, who promised to locate for me a copy of the *Bulletin* for the date indicated in the story (April 18, 1925). Several weeks later I received a letter from my friend apologizing, in which he informed me that the only known complete file of the *Sydney Bulletin* had

perished in the Sydney University fire of 1929. I found this an especial curiosity since Lovecraft's story had been written in 1928.

Additional research turned up more disturbing facts. I must add that I continued to pursue these tiresome researches because I have to date been unable to uncover any information whatsoever regarding the whereabouts of Professor Turner or Professor Nolan, who apparently dropped out of sight after departing Valparaiso on May 21 of '67. I would greatly appreciate any information concerning same. As a last resort I attempted to get in contact with the only surviving relative of either man, but Professor Nolan's father retired from his law practice last year and moved to Europe.

A recent chat with the Chilean consul in Los Angeles produced as a by-product a kind and gracious letter from one Carlos Malpelo, the Valparaiso Chief of Police. He writes that after the date mentioned, 21 May '67, there is no additional information the two American professors, but that there are two items of related interest which he thought I might find interesting. The first is that the professors spent much time at the Santiago University, and in particular with an old friend of Professor Turner's, the renowned Chilean linquist P. C. Fernandez. It is also noted that the professor was much pleased upon receiving from the two Americans a gift consisting of a sealed box containing a peculiarly formed statuette of unusually repugnant design.

Unfortunately there appears to be no way to confirm any of this, because Professor Fernandez was one of the many casualties of the recent great Chilean earthquake. The few Indian porters in his party who survived the quake were too shaken to do more than report the death of the professor and of their fellows. These men were found in the mountains the night after the quake, shivering and frightened. They were given food and clothing by the gov-

ernment rescue team and permitted to return to their families, except for one oldster who adamantly maintained in spite of the most determined expostulations that the professor was responsible for the quake. According to this patriarch, the professor had been performing some incomprehensible ritual with burning herbs and an odd little idol, when the tremors had begun. At this point the old man's testimony lapses into insane drivel, as when he claims that the mountain across the valley from them got upon gigantic stone feet and stepped on the professor, killing most of the party with him. The poor man was placed in the public sanitarium for the poor at Rancagua, but apparently escaped last year from that well-known institution.

The other "items of interest" which the good Senor Malpelo forwarded to me was much shorter, but of no less import. It was a bit from a small Valparaiso newspaper stating that one Juan Maria y Gomez, given occupation, shipwright, was missing and presumed lost at sea during the night of a storm on June 6, 1967. A trawling fishing boat came upon the shattered wreckage of Senor Gomez's boat the next day. It is mentioned that the ship must have passed through an exceptionally violent part of the storm, because what pieces of the ship's fittings were found were battered beyond all recognition, even to the shaft of one of the ship's screws, which was twisted quite completely out of shape.

Lately, I have been showing the cryptic symbols which appeared in Professor Turner's hand above the word *Cthulhu* around the University. The reaction I get is peculiar in the extreme. Most professors who see it take it in good humor as an unusual student prank. Those few who do not find it funny exhibit an odd trembling of the hands when they first set eyes upon it, but cover up very quickly thereafter and pronounce the symbols an insulting hoax. They are quite forceful about this, and wish to have no

more to do with it. I am much puzzled, as this seems to occur almost always with the older professors.

The first of the charts copied shows the general area of the South Pacific. It has drawn in Easter Island, a rough duplication of Cook's courses for his voyages of 1773-75, and a number of other notations and markings, most of which are unintelligible. Most peculiar of these is an "X" at approximately 167 degress *east* longitude, and 77 degress south latitude. Under these coordinates are the notes "Halley's, '86", which doubtless refers to the next reappearance of the famous Halley comet, due back in our solar vicinity in 1986. A check of a *National Geographic* map of this area reveals that the above coordinates intersect on or very near Mt. Erebus, the 15,000 ft. high active volcano on McMurdo Sound. What this has to do with the next appearance of Halley's comet is no doubt known only to Professors Turner and Nolan.

The second sketch is simply a crude map of the world, with two lines drawn in on it. Although laughable in its simplicity, I was rather intrigued by this, as the two lines ran thusly: one went in a straight line from that "X" (Mt. Erebus?) to Easter Island. The other line runs from Easter, through the center of its neighbor, Sala-y-Gomez, to a spot in the Andes of Northern Chile. This, again coincidentally, happens to be the area Professor Fernandez was exploring when he was killed by the earthquake. Straight as an arrow, it continues onwards with three other "X's" marked along its length. One is somewhere in the jungle of the Matto Grosso (memo: write the Brazilian Land Survey), another in the Brazilian Basin, the deepest part of the Atlantic Ocean, to end finally near Addis Abbaba, in Ethiopia.

The last item was neither note nor chart, but rather a sketch-drawing of what seemed to be some enormous pyramid-like structure of ridiculous shape, with accompanying

notes in Turner's hand. This was the sole item I managed to smuggle from the library intact. I regret that soon afterwards I was offered a really ridiculous sum of money for it, no questions asked, from a wealthly professor I was consulting, and so sold it to him. He has since moved.

That completes what I have found to be an exceedingly odd collection of facts, and until Professors Turner and Nolan return (from wherever they are) I am afraid much of this material must remain as puzzling as ever. I hope you find it of some little interest. Besides, I have come to think it wise to have the facts in the hands of an unadvertised party. Lately I have had the feeling of being followed, especially at night. I was also forced to move from my former apartment after experiencing a spell of severe nightmares unique in their prismatic horror. The doctor at the University assured me that these are the natural results of overwork at school. This may be, but the series of twelve grooves, six to a side, that I found *etched into the glass* of my one window one morning after a particularly vivid phantasam of terror have made me cautious. One thing I *know,* and that is that they were not the result of overwork at school.

That is all I have to say about my work with the green box and its odd contents. I am quite happy in my new lodgings, and I am no longer troubled by nightmares. Also, I have been selected to go on the University expedition to the South Seas! My associate and companion will be a brilliant and eccentric cinematographer named Pickman. Only one last thing bothers me unreasonably. My new landlord has the most *peculiarly* coloured yellow eyes.

† † †

NIGHT SOUNDS

I hear the stridulation, faint but shrill,

Pricking the warm black stillness of the night.
Of course, it's crickets, nothing more, yet still —
A softer sound beneath stirs subtle fright.
Straining to hear, the jaded ear grows keen
Until the chirping, louder than before,
No longer hides the lilt of some unseen
Night-bird's distant trilling, nothing more.

Or is there? Now, beneath the mindless shriek
Of crickets and night-warblers, my sharp ear,
Grown vast with sound, hears clearly that soft squeak
And can no longer doubt but only fear,
Because from charnely shadows, dank and cool,
There comes the meeping glibber of a ghoul.

— Walter C. DeBill

† † †

LOVECRAFT IN FRANCE. Though the work of H. P. Lovecraft is now in print in twenty countries, it is in France that it has been most enthusiastically received. *The Providence Journal* of last December 29 carried a special article by Paul R. Michaud, whose photograph of a Lovecraft display outside a Paris theatre is reproduced in this issue of the *Collector*. In France the late Jean Cocteau was among the first to hail the peculiar genius of Lovecraft; other literary lights echoed Cocteau's admiration, and today, writes Mr. Michaud, "Lovecraft is as much a culture hero as once were Albert Camus and Sartre." Indeed, Lovecraft "is so alive in Paris that it is difficult to walk down a street and avoid seeing his name either in a bookstore window or on a movie marquee."

Lovecraft's popularity among French students, according to Jacques Bergier, one of Lovecraft's primary boosters in France, has developed because, like the students, he is "one who contests or questions the basis of the very

society in which he lives." Half a million paperback copies of Lovecraft's fiction have sold in Paris alone, and Lovecraft's fame is spreading throughout the provinces.

† † †

SHADOW GAME
by George Wetzel

I had my first intimation of trouble the day I found Buddy drawing with chalk on the pavement. I had often observed him and his brother playing at this familiar nonsense — he called it his "shadow game" — chalking in each other's head shadow with the caricatures typical of grammar school art. On this particular day, Buddy chalked a mass of curls on his brother's head shadow.

"What's that?" I asked.

"I'm helping him grow hair with magic chalk."

Since Puddin-Head had had all his hair shaved off to aid in the treatment of a scalp infection, he looked bald. Imitative magic. I smiled and went into the house.

Most of their other escapades were the maddest sort of small boy whimseys — the kind of erratic mischief to which small boys are so readily given — like the time they squirted firemen from their bedroom window with water pistols, or the time, after seeing a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde movie, Buddy mixed the entire contents of a Christmas chemistry set and would have drunk the "elixir" had not his more timid brother prevented him from doing so. But their "shadow game" troubled me.

They had played it often, but they were now taking their "magic" more seriously. Only a month or two ago their sister, Tootsie, had told me how her brothers had taken some birthday candles down into the cellar, melted them and moulded a wax figure which she caught them sticking pins into.

Their renewal of the "shadow game" prompted me to make a primary inquiry into the incident of the wax doll, which seemed clearly the more ominous of the two occasions. When the boys came in for supper that evening, I brought up the subject. "Who was the wax doll supposed to be?" I asked.

Their silence spurred me to explain, "Many people have pins-and-needles sensations in the legs from sitting cramped — it's poor circulation. I have it myself sometimes. There's no magic about it."

"Don't you believe in magic, Uncle George?" asked Buddy. "You have some magic books in your library."

His reminder recalled my aggravation over a year ago, when I needed to refer to Dahlgren's *South Mountain Magic, only* to find the book missing from my shelves; and my equal confoundment when it reappeared months later. At this later time, too, I noticed that the one-volume abridgement of Fraser's *The Golden Bough* was moved from its accustomed place; and on leafing through it then I found someone had bent back pages in the chapter on the external soul in its various forms as voodoo dolls, photographs, reflections — and shadows!

"Did you borrow one of them? *South Mountain Magic?*" I asked.

"Yes, sir. And some others. One called *Witchcraft.*"

I thought of the emphasis Seabrook had put on the power of pentagrams drawn in chalk, and I wondered what other books they had looked into.

"But why did you take them?"

"To try some of the spells," he answered. "But some of the ingredients in some of the spells — like bat's blood — were too hard to get."

I might have forgotten all this, had it not been for the strange thing that happened to old Hugo Weisgal, who had no more love for my nephews than they had for him.

Unjustly or not, this old grouch, who rented rooms, accused my nephews of a scandalous Hallowe'en prank — they had filled a paper sack with manure, set it afire on his front porch, rung the bell, and fled. He stomped out the fire, unsuspectingly, with the foreseen result. Because of his charge, their father punished them.

Several days after my interrogation of Buddy, he and his brother sat playing with pebbles on a chalked tic-tac-toe square in front of the drug-store. Hugo Weisgal passed, and stopped to peer into the display window, his shadow beside him. Immediately the two boys chalked an ugly face on his shadow.

Suddenly Weisgal screamed, staring at his reflected face. With hands covering all but his eyes, he ran wildly up the street.

When next he appeared in public, Hugo Weisgal was wearing some sort of falseface, like a Hallowe'en mask — and he went out rarely thereafter, and usually only at night.

One night I met him in the alley when he was in the act of raising the mask into place. But not before I glimpsed his face. How describe the incredible? It was Michaelangelo who said his contemporaries' work held so little originality, had borrowed so much from the old Masters, that if all such plagiarisms were sloughed off their canvases, only repulsive horrors would remain.

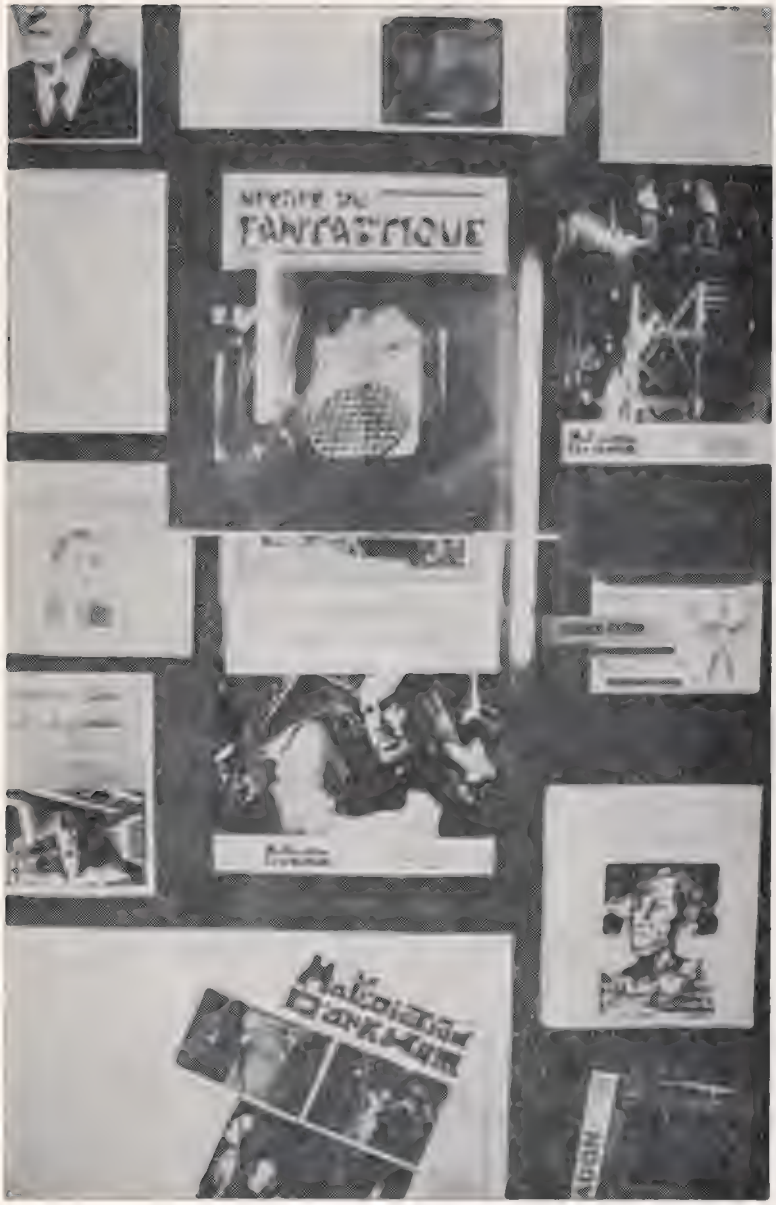
Rain had long since washed away the chalked face of Hugo Weisgal's shadow. The reality under the mask was very much worse.

† † †

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL. Sterling Lanier, 2315 McClellan Parkway, Sarasota, Florida, 33579, has created a "scuttling of monsters" in brass (or sterling silver, on request) — small figurines representing concepts from the domain of fantasy (though he separates fantastic monsters from science-fictional pieces) — under such headings as The Frog Prince, Coleopteroid Entity, Snerg, Yakela leader of the Pack (from a Poul Anderson tale), and others, at prices ranging from $8.00 to $12.00 each in brass, though it is possible, at an increase in price, to have the pieces in copper or silver. "Each piece," Mr. Lanier writes, "is oxydized and hand-finished." Three of the more fantastic repose on the editor's desk.

Roy Squires' "A Basic Collection" of 100 Lovecraft items, with ten notable items separately offered, and a group of 155 letters have been offered at, respectively: $3,350.00 / prices ranging from $575.00 to $10.00 / and $10,500.00 for the letters to Clark Ashton Smith. A further group of 27 letters is priced at $2,250.00. Mr. Squires also offers a new item in his series of handsomely hand-painted books — *Hail, Klark Ashton!,* nine Lovecraft postcards, at $7.50.

The Fantastic Acros, a little collection of acrostic verses — some of which have appeared in the *Collector,* from the pen of Walter Shedlofsky, has been published by the Acrostic Press, Box 1071, St. Louis, Missouri, 63188, at $2.00. There are some 40 poems in this little book, all belonging to the domain of fantasy.

A Ghost Club flourishes in London — the ideal setting! — for the purpose of hunting ghosts and talking to them if possible. The Los Angeles Times Service, in a story by Richard Reston, sent around the word recently, says the Club has some 400 members, presided over by Peter Underwood, who told a visitor that the Ghost Club includes members who are actors, scientists, clergymen, authors,

FANTASTIQUE
Malcolm Dunkan

medical men, photographers, among others. Early members included Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and W. B. Yeats. Naturally, the Club collects accounts of spectral occurrences and experiences. Underwood himself has never seen a ghost, but holds that some people are prone to sightings, while others are not.

The Spring 1971 issue of *The South Carolina Librarian* (Vol. 15, No. 2) reproduces on its cover the Virgil Finlay drawing of Lovecraft, and contains under title of *Something in Our Midst,* by Barry B. Baker, an appreciation of H. P. Lovecraft together with a brief bibliography. The magazine is the official publication of the South Carolina Library Association.

Gerry de la Ree, 7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, New Jersey 07458, has published *Virgil Finlay: 1914-1971,* a portfolio of 24 illustrations covering the range of the artist's work. The illustrations are not bound but loose, suitable for framing; none has been previously published, either in the magazines or in earlier folios. Published in a limited edition only, at $10.00.

The two early collections of Clark Ashton Smith's admirable fantasies — *Out of Space and Time* and *Lost Worlds* — will be published this summer by Neville Spearman of London. Arkham House will have a limited number of copies for sale at $5.00 each.

In the realm of Ballantine Books, the H. P. Lovecraft cult has taken on proportions that suggest an interest akin to that in Tolkien. They have been prompted to create posters out of the covers of *The Doom That Came to Sarnath, Fungi from Yuggoth & Other Poems,* and *The Survivor and Others.* The dramatic and colorful posters are the work of Gervasio Gallardo, who drew upon the Utpatel illustrations for Lovecraft's poems in part. The posters, say the powers that be at Ballantine "portray demonic beings in a grotesque universe set against a foreboding

black background. Lizard-like specters with huge orange eyes glare out at the reader as archetypal symbols of evil from a cosmos of doom." You have to see them to believe them. The posters are priced at $2.50, and can be had from any bookstore.

Arkham House has at long last added a general manager in the person of Roderic Meng, who served his apprenticeship with the House as shipping clerk and all-round handyman for eight years, then went to military service, then to General Electric for three years, and has now returned to lift some of the load from August Derleth's shoulders, where it has become increasingly burdensome and a major interference with his own writing program, much of which has been held too long in abeyance.

Gahan Wilson, who is surely well-enough known to our patrons to need no introduction, has just authored his first collection of 100 "marvelously depraved" cartoons. *I Paint What I See* has not long since been published by Simon & Schuster at $5.95 the copy. Macabre cartoon buffs know that Mr. Wilson's "fiendish universe" is a traumatic experience and will not need to be persuaded to add this book to their shelves. Particularly for those who are turned on by Wilson's freaky world!

A new stocklist is now available from Arkham House, appropriately enough, with black covers in place of the hideous pink of its predecessor.

INDEX

(References to the Arkham House publishing program, together with pertinent paragraphs on Arkham House books and authors, are not indexed here.)

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES 14, 47, 81, 122, 151, 178, 293, 340
CAMPBELL, J. Ramsey
Cthulhu in Celluloid 72
DAVIS, SONIA (LOVECRAFT)
Memories of Lovecraft 116
LOVECRAFT, H. P.
And Science Fiction 3
Last Letter 102
Notes on the Writing of Weird Fiction 26
On Love 242
NECROLOGY
Anthony Boucher 80
Clifford M. Eddy 80
Virgil Finlay 292
Hugo Gernsback 48
David H. Keller 13
Greye La Spina 177
Margery Lawrence 177
John Metcalfe 13
Seabury Quinn 211
R. Taylor 251
H. Russell Wakefield 13
POETRY
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY
Poe 57
BARNEY, WILLIAM D.
The Aphids 264
Bertrand Russell in Hell 194
A Night for a Shearing Wind 160
III Samuel 303
A Twist of Frame 128
BRENNAN, JOSEPH PAYNE
Bleak November Days 101
Down Endless Years 30
Graveyard in April 3

Judgment Day 194
Marsh Moment 183
Nightmare Three 132
Poe's Lake 158
Summer Night 241
CARTER, LIN
All Hallows' Eve 203
Black Thirst 234
To Clark Ashton Smith 159
DEBILL, WALTER C., JR.
K'n-Yan 240
Night Sounds 335
DE CAMP, L. SPRAGUE
Ghosts 144
Night 79
Tintagel 22
DERLETH, AUGUST
Someone at the Pasture Gate 9
DRAKE, DAVID
No Limit on Hippogrifs 39
ENG, STEVE
May-Eve 264
FAGAN, WILLIAM
H. P. Lovecraft 41
FRIERSON, MEADE, III
The Gate in the Mews 167
Where They Rule 319
FRYER, DONALD S.
Connaissance Fatale 50
A Fragment from the Atlantean 145
GANLEY, W. P.
Atlantic City: 5:30 P.M. 300
HADJU, JACK
Revelation 70
HODGSON, WILLIAM HOPE
Lost 135
Shoon of the Dead 136
HOLLAND, BARBARA
The Jersey Devil 246
HOOD, THOMAS
Mary's Ghost 77

JOHNSON, ROGER
The Relic 287
To His Mistress, Dead and Darkly Return'd 223
To My Masters 323
KEMPER, VIKTOR
The Hour of the Wolf 177
KERR, WALTER
In Intricate Magicks 322
The Shade in the Old Apple Tree 248
KING, HERMAN STOWELL
Nocturne 13
LOVECRAFT, H. P.
Edith Miniter 68
To an Infant 113
LUMLEY, BRIAN
Enough 234
In Pressure-Pounded Chasms 290
MAY, FRANCES
The Chain 83
MEUDT, EDNA
More than Twice-Told Tales 42
MITCHELL, ROGER
What It Is 156
ODAM, JOYCE
Ghost Stories, Fairy Tales and Riddles 279
Not to Hold 210
RIMEL, DUANE
The Key 13
Shadow on the Wall 133
Strange Flowers Bloom 247
ROSELIEP, RAYMOND
Lorenzo's Bride 28
SAMPLEY, ARTHUR M.
Alas 29
Atlas in a Fourth Avenue Bar 69
SHEDLOFSKY, WALTER
Nightmare 12
The Purple Door 107
Starwinds 167
Vapor Fetch 210
SMITH, CLARK ASHTON
The Lemurienne 57

Moonlight 195
To Howard Phillips Lovecraft 232
THAYER, FRANK, JR.
The Edomite Kings 169
TIERNEY, RICHARD L.
Carcosa, ... 150
To Great Cthulhu 258
The Wendigo 176
WADE, JAMES
In Memoriam: H. P. Lovecraft 120
Panels for a Nativity 299
WANDREI, DONALD
Two Prose Poems 218
The Lost Moon 218
An Epitaph on Jupiter 219
WELLMAN, WADE
The Onlooker 145
The Sorcerer 196
The Vampire's Tryst 86
The Visitant 50
When the Moon Is Pale 286
SHORT STORIES
AICKMAN, ROBERT
The Waiting Room 265
BARLOW, R. H.
"Till All the Seas" 90
CARTER, LIN
The Doom of Yakthoob 320
Under the Eaves 130
FOSTER, ALAN DEAN
Notes Concerning a Green Box 324
JACOBI, CARL
The Cocomacaque 223
JARVIS, WALTER
The Crack in the Wall 137
LOVECRAFT, H. P.
Nyarlathotep 163
The Thing in the Moonlight 107
LUMLEY, BRIAN
Billy's Oak 169
The Cyprus Shell 58
An Item of Supporting Evidence 204

The Thing in the Moonlight 110
MYERS, GARY
The House of the Worm 184
Passing of a Dreamer 259
Yokh, the Necromancer 235
MYRICK, MIKI
A Presentation to George 248
PORTER, CARYL
Dream for a Windy Night 281
RATH, SARA LINDSAY
The Crest of Satan 305
WADE, JAMES
A Darker Shadow Over Innsmouth 146
WANDREI, HOWARD
After You, Montagu 287
WETZEL, GEORGE
The Shadow Game 337
WOLLHEIM, DONALD A.
Miss McWhortle's Weird 197
SULLY, HELEN
Memories of Lovecraft 117
WADE, JAMES
The Mass Media Horror 303
WILSON, GAHAN
A Map of Arkham 200-1